Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards vnhappy ſonnes do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Queene Anne, his wife.

Richard, Thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet ſoule, ſleepe thou a quiet ſleepe,
Dreame of ſucceſſe, and happy victory,
Thy aduerſaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghoſt of Buckingham.

The firſt was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The laſt was I that felt thy tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſſe:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire, diſpairing yeild thy breath.
To *Rich.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be not thou diſmayd,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* ſide,
And *Richard* falls in height of all his pride.

K. *Richard ſtarted out of his dreame.*

K. *Rich.* Giue me another horſe, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Ieſu: ſoft I did but dreame.
O coward conſcience, how doſt thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh,
What do I feare my ſelfe? theres none elſe by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes, I am,
Then flie, what from my ſelfe? great reaſon why,
Leaſt I reuenge. What? my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe:
Alacke I loue my ſelfe, wherefore? for any good
That my ſelfe hath done vnto my ſelfe:

O

O no: alas I rather hate my ſelfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my ſelfe:
I am a villaine, yea, I lye I am not.
Foole of thy ſelfe ſpeake well foole doe not flatter
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a ſeuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periury, in the higheſt degree,
Murder, ſterne murder, in the dyreſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vſde in each degree,
Throng all to the Boare, crying all, guilty, guilty.
I ſhall diſpaire there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie me:
And wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I my ſelf
Find in my ſelfe, no pitty to my ſelfe.
Me thought the ſoules of all that I haue murdre
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richar*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. My Lord tis I: the early village Co
Haue thrice done ſalutation to the morne.
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their arm
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a feare
What think'ſt thou, will our friends proue all t
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,
Rat. Nay good my Lord be not affraid of
King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to n
Haue ſtrooke more terrour to the ſoule of *Ric*
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldi
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow *Richm*
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents, Ile play the eweſe-droppe
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me,

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords, Good morrow *Richmond.*